

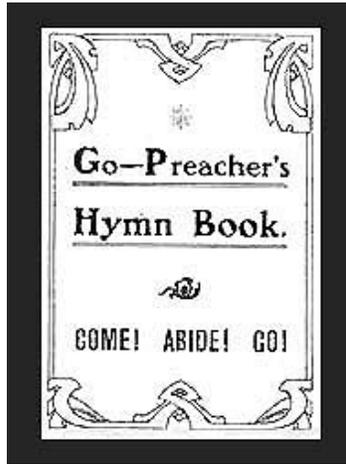
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Go-Preacher's Hymn Book



Go-Preacher's Hymn Book, 1909

(Authors added in brackets where possible - this published hymnal provided no author credits save all capital initials where author credit applied to 2x2 Workers)

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Note.- Unless otherwise specified the numbers in brackets refer to the tunes in "Songs of Victory."

(VIA will not include these numbers in brackets in this print copy, since the book those tunes were in is not available to us. Also, we include the author's name that did not appear in the Go-Preacher's Hymn Book.

For an image copy that is downloadable refer to

Website, "[Hymns Old and New \[1\]](#)"

.....

CONVICTION

(Author **William T. Sleeper**)

1 A RULER once came to Jesus by night,
To ask Him the way of salvation and light;
The Master made answer in words true and plain
"Ye must be born again!"

"Ye must be born again!"
"Ye must be born again!"
I verily, verily, say unto you –

“Ye must be born again!”

2 Ye children of men, attend to the word
So solemnly uttered by Jesus the Lord;
And let not this message to you be in vain:
“Ye must be born again!”

3 O ye who would enter that glorious rest,
And sing with the ransomed the song of the best,
The life everlasting if ye would obtain,
“Ye must be born again!”

4 O dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see,
At he beautiful gates may be watching for thee;
Then list to the note of this solemn refrain:
“Ye must be born again!”

(Author Peter P. Bilhorn)

2 THOU art drifting down life's river,
Drifting t'ward a sea,
From whose shore no bark returneth,
'Tis Eternity.

Thou art drifting, thou art drifting,
Drifting to Eternity;
Thou art drifting, thou art drifting,
Drifting to Eternity.

2 At its mouth lie rocks tremendous,
Many a noble bark, my brother,
Gas been shipwrecked there.

3 Hark! The wild white waves are foaming,
Hungry, fierce, and bold,
O'er the shattered vessel dashing,
Dreadful, isy, cold.

4 But beyond these raging billows,
Lies a happy shore,
Where the saints, redeem'd through Jesus,
Dwell for evermore.

5 Oh! My friend, thy bark shall never
Reach that happy shore,
Till the Lord becomes thy pilot –
He will guide thee o'er.

6 Call Him with entreaty urgent,
Call Him near thy side,
Then o'er roughest, darkest billows
Safely thou shalt glide.

(Author Will L. Thompson)

3 THERE'S a great day coming,
A great day coming;
There's a great day coming by and by,
When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
Are you ready for that day to come?

Are you ready? Are you ready?
Are you ready for the judgment day?
Are you ready? Are you ready?
For the judgment day?

2 There's a bright day coming,
A bright day coming;
There's a bright day coming by and by.
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord.
Are you ready for that day to come?

3 There's a sad day coming,
A sad day coming;
There's a sad day coming by and by,
When the sinner shall hear his doom: "Depart, I know you not!"
Are you ready for that day to come?

(Author Priscilla J. Owens)

4 WILL your anchor hold in the storm of life,
When clouds unfold their wings of strife?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

2 It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand,
For 'tis well secured by the Savior's hand;
And the cables, passed from His heart to mine,
Can defy the blast, through strength divine.

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3 It will firmly hold in the straits of Fear,
When the breakers have told the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

4 It will surely hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail,
While our hopes abide within the veil.

5 When our eyes behold thro' the gathering night,
The city of gold, our harbor bright,
We shall anchor fast to the heav'nly shore,
With the storms all past forever more.

(Author R. E. Hudson)

5 SINNERS, whither will you wander?
Whither will you stray?
O remember life is slender,
'Tis but a short day.

Death is coming, coming, coming.
And the judgment day.
Hasten, sinner, hasten, sinner,
Seek the narrow way.

2 Satan has resolved to have you
For his lawful prey;
Jesus Christ has died to save you;

Hast, O haste away.

3 Listen to the invitation,
Whilst He's crying "come!"
If you miss the great salvation,
Hell will be your doom.

4 Would you 'scape the awful sentence,
From destruction flee,
Seek the Lord by true repentance,
Haste to Calvary.

(Author Charles Wesley)

6 JESUS! the name high over all,
In hell or earth or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
He breaks the power of cancell'd sin
And sets the pri'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.

2. Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.
Jesus the prioner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life unto the dead.

3. O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all the mankind embrace.
We have no other argument,
We want no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.

(Author Philip P. Bliss (1875))

7 "MAN of Sorrows," what a name
For the Son of God, who came,
Ruin'd sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah, What a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemn'd he stood,
Sealed my pardon with his blood:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

3 Guilty, vile and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was he,
"Full atonement" can it be?
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

4 Lifted up was He to die;
"It is finish'd" was his cry;
now in heav'n exalted high:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

5 When he comes, our glorious King,
all his ransomed home to bring,

then anew this song we'll sing:
Hallelujah, what a Savior!

(Author **Jonathan E. Hall**)

8 THE love that Jesus had for me,
To suffer on the cruel tree,
That I a ransom'd soul might be,
Is more than tongue can tell!

His love is more than tongue can tell!...
His love is more than tongue can tell!
The love that Jesus had for me,
Is more than tongue can tell!

2 The bitter sorrow that He bore,
And oh, that crown of thorns He wore,
That I might live forevermore,
Is more than tongue can tell!

3 The peace I have in Him, my Lord,
Who pleads before the throne of God,
The merit of His precious blood,
Is more than tongue can tell!

4 The joy that comes when He is near,
The rest He gives, so free from fear,
The hope in Him so bright and clear,
Is more than tongue can tell!

(Author **James M. Black** (1893))

9 WHEN the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the rollis called up yon....der,
When the roll.... is called up yon....der,
When the rollis called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

2 On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

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3 Let us labor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let us tell of all His wondrous love and care;
Then when all of life is over, and our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, we'll be there

(Author **Robert Lowry**)

10 WHAT can wash away my stain?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

O precious is the flow,
That makes me white as snow!
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!

2. For my cleansing this I see,
For my pardon this my plea.

4. Nothing can for sin atone,
Naught of good that I have done.

5. This is all my hope and peace,
This is all my righteousness.

6. Now by this I'll overcome:
Now by this I'll reach my home:

(Author T. P. (translated by Frances Bevan) - hard to find this information)

11 I WAS journeying in the noontide,
When His light shone o'er my road –
And I saw Him in that glory -
Saw Him—Jesus, Son of God.
All around, in noontday splendour,
Earthly scenes lay fair and bright;
But my eyes no longer see them
For the glory of that light.

I have seen the face of Jesus –
Tell me not of aught beside;
I have heard the voice of Jesus –
All my soul is satisfied.

2 Others in the summer sunshine,
Wearily may journey on -
I have seen a light from heaven,
Past the brightness of the sun -
Light that knows no cloud, no waning,
Light wherein I see His Face -
All His love's uncounted treasures,
All the riches of His grace.

3 Marvel not that Christ in glory,
All my inmost heart hath won;
Not a star to cheer my darkness,
But a light beyond the sun.
All below lies dark and shadowed,
Nothing there to claim my heart,
Save the lonely track of sorrow
Where of old He walked apart.

4 Sinners, it was not to Angels
All this wondrous love was given,
But to one who scorned, despised Him,
Scorned and hated Christ in heaven.
From the lowest depths of evil,
To rge throne in heaven above,
Thus in me He told the measure
Of His free unbounded love.

(Author Arthur T. Pierson)

(Songs and Solos, No. 426) ([Sacred Songs and Solos](#) [2])

12 THE gospel of Thy grace my stubborn heart has won:
For God so loved the world He gave His only Son,
That "Whosoever will believe, shall everlasting life receive!"

2 The serpent "lifted up" could life and healing give,
So Jesus on the cross bids me to look and live:
Once died that we might live;
For "Whosoever will believe, shall everlasting life receive!"

3 "The soul that sinneth dies;" my awful doom I heard;
I was for ever lost, but for Thy gracious word,
That "Whosoever will believe, shall everlasting life receive!"

4 "Not to condemn the world" the "Man of sorrows" came;
But that the world might have salvation thro' His name;
For "Whosoever will believe, shall everlasting life receive!"

5 "Lord, help my unbelief" give me the peace of faith,
To rest with child-like trust on what Thy gospel saith,
That "Whosoever will believe, shall everlasting life receive!"

("C.M." – given in Go-Preacher's Hymn Book refers not to an author, but to "Common Meter," my thanks to Website Hymns Old and New for this info.)

(Author according to http://www.hymnary.org/text/there_is_a_time_we_know_not_when [3])

is **J. A. Alexander** (Further research by Website Hymns Old and New indicates that the author of this hymn was **Prof. Joseph Addison Alexander (1809-1859) in 1847** - thanks for sharing the detail.)

C.M.

13 THERE is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.

2 There is a line by us unseen,
Which crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

3 To cross that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

4 The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

5 But on that forehead God hath set
Indelibly a mark
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

6 Indeed, the doomed one's path below,
May bloom as Eden bloomed,
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.

7 He feels perchance that all is well,
And every fear is calmed:
He lives, he dies, he walks in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

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8 Oh! Where is that mysterious bourn,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

9 How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

10 An answer from the skies is sent;
Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.

(Author **Edward Cooney** -- We searched in vain on the Internet for this hymn, and its absence by any other author supports the internal claim of authorship by Edward Cooney, which name is the most likely 2x2 hymn-writer represented by "E.C." within 2x2ism in 1909. It also expresses the same obnoxious anti-Christian 'message' that was loudly preached by Edward Cooney during that time. See contemporary Christian critique at [Tramps or Go-Preachers](#) [4].)

E.C.

14 THERE is a gate that seemeth right,
'Tis wide and pleasing to men's sight;
So it appeals to those who fear
The scoff of men, the worldling's jeer.
But all who pass its portals miss
The cross and suffering that brings bliss.

2 When men say they salvation find,
And give up sins of grosser kind;
No more they drink, or curse and swear
Their outward conduct seems all fair.
Yet pride and greed are clearly seen,
And for the praise of men they're keen.

3 This sort gives testimony loud,
And of their holy life are proud.
'Tis true that man esteems them high,
As heirs to mansions in the sky.
But God who sees the hearts of all,
Knows they have never heard Christ's call.

4 This class have peace and joy and light,
And think they walk in God's own sight.
They preach and pray, they sing and shout,
Their claim on heaven never doubt.
Yet sad will be their awful fate,
When Christ's true way they see too late.

(Author **Albert Midlane**)

15 PASSING onward, quickly passing,
But I ask thee, "Whither bound?
Is it to the many mansions
Where eternal rest is found?
Passing onward, passing onward,
Tell me, sinner, whither bound?"

Passing onward, quickly passing;

Naught the wheels of time can stay;
Sweet the tho't that some are going
To the realms of perfect day,
Passing onward –
Christ their leader - Christ their way.

Passing onward, quickly passing,
Many on the downward road;
Careless of their souls immortal,
Heeding not the call of God,
Passing onward -
Trample on the Saviour's blood.

Passing onward, quickly passing;
Time its course will quickly run;
Still we hear the fond entreaty
Of the ever gracious One -
"Come and welcome,
'Tis by Me that life is won."

(Author Edward Cooney)

E.C.

16 WHEN before Christ all nations stand,
To right and left at His command;
What man esteems so very high,
Will then be loathsome 'neath Christ's eye.
The first are last, the last are first,
The cursed are blest, the blest are cursed.

2 On that great day when goats and sheep,
What they've been sowing sure shall reap;
Their treatment of His brethren true,
Will show if Jesus Christ they knew.
As His ambassadors they fed,
Or gave the prophet true a bed.

3 If they rejected whom He sent,
Men who had gone just as He went;
Amongst the goats they'll have to go,
For slighting shepherds true below.
Who heeding their dear Lord's command,
Went poor and hungry through the land.

4 When saw we Thee hungry, Lord,
And fed Thee not shall be their word;
We lived below upon the earth,
Years after Mary gave Thee birth.
But my poor preachers Christ shall say,
Ye scorned and prophets false did pay.

5 Depart ye cursed Christ shall say,
To all who brethren turned away;
When purseless, scripless forth they went,
Like twelve and seventy whom He sent.
Because ye have not them received,
I see ye ne'er on me believed.

6 Then come, ye blessed, Christ shall say,
For I was homeless in your day.
And in my brethren's bodies came,
To prove if ye would bear my shame
In housing preachers who like me
Refused to take a salary.

(Author Elisha Albright Hoffman (1839-1929))

17 WHERE will you spend eternity?

This question comes to you and me.
Tell me, what shall your answer be?
Where will you spend eternity?

Eternity! Eternity!
Where will you spend eternity?

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2 Many are choosing Christ today,
Turning from all their sins away;
Heav'n shall their happy portion be,
Where will you spend eternity?

Eternity! eternity!
Where will you spend eternity?

3 Leaving the straight and narrow way,
Going the downward road to-day,
Sad will their final ending be -
Lost thro' a long eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
Lost thro' a long eternity!

4 Repent, come now, this very hour,
Trust in the Savior's grace and pow'r,
Then will your joyous answer be,
Saved thro' a long eternity!

Eternity! eternity!
Saved thro' a long eternity!

(Author unknown) ([one occurrence](#) [5] "English Poems" author not given)

18 OUR life is ever on the wing;
How swift the months and years go by,
And as we look 'tis but a dream,
So swiftly do the moments fly.
Our passing souls no power can stay,
Time on its tide bears us away,
To that great deep and shoreless sea,
Unending, Vast, Eternity.

Eternity, eternity, where will you spend eternity?
'Tis Heaven or Hell for you or me;
Now make your choice; which shall it be?

2 Our blinded foolish hearts are wrong,
When captured by the world's vain show;
The tinsel glare, the dazzling gild,
Lure but to death and endless woe.
Our little day will soon be o'er,
Our chances go for evermore;
'Twill be too late your sin to see,
When you wake in Eternity.

(Author – no other occurrence found, and no initials to credit a Worker in Go-Preacher's)

19 SINNER, Jesus now is waiting
With a pardon, full and free,

Yes, for you, will you accept it?
Life or death, which shall it be?

Come while mercy's door is open
And of entrance now make sure,
(He?) calls ready, waits to save you,
If you'll trust and sin no more.

2 Long His love you have rejected,
Spurned His tender, pleading voice,
But another chance He gives you,
Be in time, make God your choice.

3 Do not trifle with your Saviour,
Time is swiftly flying past.
If you die with sin upon you,
Into hell you will be cast.

4 Come poor sinner, while He's calling,
Gladly He will pardon you;
Though you have His love rejected,
He will save and keep you too.

(Author C. G. Lyne)

20 STILL undecided, look to thine heart;
Grieve not the Spirit, lest He depart;
Why wilt thou longer wait?
Come ere it be too late,
Jesus, at mercy's gate,
Grace will impart.

Still undecided, slight not the voice
Breathing so kindly, make Me thy choice;
Look at my hands and see
I bore the nails for thee,
I died to make thee free,
Come and rejoice.

Still undecided, time flies apace;
Jesus entreats thee, spurn not His grace;
What if the word were past,
This night shall be thy last,
Where would thy soul be cast,
Where hide thy face?

(Author number 110, [Salvation Army Songs edited by William Booth](#) [6]) (by the way, early 2x2 Workers called the Salvation Army the "Damnation Army," but evidently they liked at least one Salvation Army hymn. And in response to 2x2 condemnation of every other church, some non-2x2s rather aptly named the 2x2 church "The Damnation Army.")

21 OUT on the broad way of darkness and danger,
Oh, why will you longer a prodigal roam?
You're rushing so madly to hell and destruction,
Oh, pause and consider your terrible doom.

For you I am praying,
I'm praying for you.

2 Hard, do you prove, is the way of transgressors,
Briers and thorns all your pathway bestrew;
Oh, death and eternity soon will engulf you;
Say, if unprepared, sinner, what will you do?

3 What will you do when the trumpet is sounded?
What will you do when to judgment you go?
Every excuse then will utterly fail you,
With nothing but sin's awful record to show.

(stanza 4 missing in Go-Preacher's)

4 Do not despair, there is
Cleansing and healing
Now flowing for thee
In the life-giving stream;
O wounded and weary one,
Come to its waters,
Oh, wash and be clean.

INVITATION

(Author "In his *My Life and Sacred Songs*, 1906 [?], p. 64, Mr. Sankey says:—
"The original of this hymn was written by a young lady in Scotland, who signed herself "C. C." Falling into Mr. McGranahan's hands, he arranged the poem somewhat differently, and set the words to music."
Both words and music are No. 397 in *Sacred Songs and Solos*, 1881. The words are ascribed to "A. N.") --John Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology, New Supplement* (1907))

22 ARE you coming home, ye wand'ers,
Whom Jesus died to win? –
All footsore, lame, and weary,
Your garments stained with sin?
Will you seek the blood of Jesus
To wash your garments white?
Will you trust His precious promise?
Are you coming home to-night?

Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to Jesus?
Out of darkness into light?
Are you coming home to-night?
Are you coming home to-night?
To your loving heavenly Father,
Are you coming home to-night?

2 Are you coming home, ye lost ones?
Behold your Lord doth wait:

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Come then! No longer linger!
Come ere it be too late!
Will you come and let Him save you?
Oh, trust His love and might!
Will you come while He is calling?
Are you coming home to-night?

3 Are you coming home ye guilty,
Who bear the load of sin?
Outside you've long been standing,
Come now and venture in!
Will you heed the Saviour's promise,
And dare to trust Him quite?
"Come unto Me!" saith Jesus:
Are you coming home to-night?

(Author William Leslie)

23 SOUND the gospel of grace abroad,

There's life in the risen Lord!
Spread the news of the gift of God,
There's life in the risen Lord!
God above desires it!
Sinful man requires it!

Tell it around, let it abound,
There's life in the risen Lord.

2 All by nature are doomed to die,
So saith the holy word;
Welcome therefore the joyful cry,
There's life in the risen Lord!
Welcome news of gladness -
Antidote for sadness.

3 Saints, apostles, and prophets all
Published with one accord,
This deliverance from the fall -
This life in the risen Lord.
Glory be to Jesus,
Who from bondage frees us.

4 Pardon, power, and perfect peace
The words of this life afford,
Never then let the tidings cease,
Of life in the risen Lord.
Open wide the portal
Unto every mortal.

(Author Eliza E. Hewitt)

24 COME away to Jesus, He is willing to forgive,
His love will shine around you ev'ry moment that you live;
You'll find him good and true, the pilgrim journey thro',
He'll do better for you than this world can do.

He'll do better for you than this world can do,
He's a mighty Saviour, he is good and true;
He'll save you by his grace, until you see his face,
He'll do better for you than this world can do.

2 Come away to Jesus; let illusive trifles go,
For everlasting blessing he is able to bestow;
He'll answer when you pray, He'll take you sins away,
Lead you up and onward to his perfect day.

3 Come away to Jesus; from your earthly idols part,
And take his great salvation, for it satisfies the heart;
He'll open to your view His treasure, ever new,
He'll do better for you than this world can do.

(Author Albert Benjamin Simpson)

25 O HOW sweet the glorious message,
Simple faith may claim;
Yesterday, today, for ever,
Jesus is the same.
Still He loves to save the sinful,
Heal the sick and lame
Cheer the mourner, still the tempest;
Glory to His Name.

Yesterday, today, for ever,
Jesus is the same.
All may change, but Jesus never!
Glory to His name.

2 He, who was the Friend of sinners,
Seeks the lost one now;
Sinner come, and at His footstool,
Penitently bow.
He Who said "I'll not condemn thee,
Go and sin no more;"
Speaks to thee that word of pardon,
As in days of yore.

3 Him who pardoned erring Peter,
Never need'st thou fear;
He that came to faithless Thomas,
All thy doubt will clear.
He who let the loved disciple
On His bosom rest,
Bids thee still, with love as tender,
Lean upon His breast.

4 He who 'mid the raging billows,
Walked upon the sea,
Still can hush our wildest tempest,
As on Galilee.
He who wept and prayed in anguish
In Gethsemane,
Drinks with us each cup of trembling,
In our agony.

5 As of old He walked to Emmaus,
With them to abide;
So through all life's way He walketh,
Ever near our side.
Soon again we shall behold Him,
Hasten, Lord, the day!
But 'twill still be "this same Jesus,
as He went away."

(Author Daniel Whittle)

26 HAVE you any room for Jesus,
He who bore your load of sin;
As He knocks and asks admission,
Sinner, will you let Him in?

Room for Jesus, King of Glory!
Hasten now, His Word obey;
Swing the heart's door widely open,
Bid Him enter while you may.

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2 Room for pleasure, room for business,
But for Christ the Crucified;
Not a place that He can enter,
In the heart for which He died.

3 Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
O to-day is time accepted,
To-morrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus,
Soon will pass God's day of grace;
Soon thy heart left cold and silent,

And thy Savior's pleading cease.

(Author Philip P. Bliss)

27 WHOEVER receiveth the crucified One,
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,
A free and a perfect salvation shall have,
For He is abundantly able to save.

My brother, the Mas..ter is calling for thee....
His grace and His mer..cy are wondrously free:..
His blood as a ran..som for sinners He gave,....
And He is abun..dantly able to save.

2 Whoever receiveth the message of God ,
And trusts in the power of the soul cleansing blood,
A full and eternal redemption shall have,
For He is both able and willing to save.

3 Whoever repents and forsakes ev'ry sin,
And opens his heart for the Lord to come in,
A present and perfect salvation shall have,
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

(Author John Lawley)

28 COME with me, visit Calv'ry,
Where our Redeemer died;
His blood, it fills the fountain,
'Tis full, 'tis deep, 'tis wide.
He died from sin to sever,
Our hearts and lives complete;
He saves and keeps for ever,
Those living at his feet.

To the uttermost He saves.
To the uttermost He saves.
Dare you now believe and His love receive,
To the uttermost He saves.

2 I will surrender fully,
And do His blessed will;
His blood doth make me holy,
And with His presence fill.
He's saving, I'm believing,
This blessing now I claim;
His Spirit I'm receiving,
My heart is in a flame.

3 I've wondrous peace through trusting,
A well of joy within;
This rest is everlasting,
Each day I triumphs win.
He gives me heavenly measure,
"Pressed down" and "running o'er,"
O what a priceless treasure,
Glory for evermore!

(Author J. E. Landor)

29 CALL'D to the feast by the King are we,

Sitting, perhaps, where His people be,
How will it fare, friend, with thee and me,
When the King comes in?

When the King comes in, brother,
When the King comes in.
How will it fare with thee and me
When the King comes in?

2 Crowns on the Head where the thorns have been,
Glorified He who once died for men;
Splendid the vision before us then,
When the King comes in.

3 Like lightning's flash will that instant show
Things hidden long from both friend and foe,
Just what we are each neighbour know.
When the King comes in.

4 Joyful His eye on each one shall rest
Who is in white wedding garments dressed;
Ah, well for us if we stand the test,
When the King comes in.

5 Hopeless the plight of the careless then,
Bitter the cry of deluded men;
Awful that moment beyond ken,
When the King comes in.

6 Lord, grant us all, we implore Thee, grace,
So to wait Thee each in his place,
That we may fear not to see Thy face
When Thou comest in.

(Author H E Govan)

30 O SINNERS, come to Jesus!
All other trust is vain;
Your every hope must fail you
Unless you're born again.
You need the cleansing fountain
To purge your heart within,
And purify your conscience
From all the stains of sin.

2 You need to come to Jesus
And find in Him your rest,
Confiding in His goodness,
Reclining on His breast.
You need the voice of Jesus
To whisper "go in peace!"
To calm the inward tempest,
And bid the conflict cease.

3 You need the power of Jesus
To keep you day by day,
To guard amid temptations
And be your strength and stay,
You need the love of Jesus;
You need this faithful Friend,
To cheer you and to bless you
And guide you to the end.

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4 Then will you come to Jesus,
In spite of fear and doubt?
He's waiting now to save you,
And will not cast you out,
If but, in true repentance,
Before His cross you bow,
He'll give you free forgiveness,
And full Salvation – NOW.

(Author J. R. Hopkins)

31 OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is drawing so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come thirsty, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To sooth your affliction or banish your pain,
To bear up your spirits when summon'd to die,
Or take you to Christ in the clouds of the sky.

(Author Edward Perronet (1780))

32 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

(Author E. E. Hewitt)

33 COME, sinners to the living One,
He's just the same Jesus

As when He raised the widow's son,
The very same Jesus.

The very same Jesus,
The wonder working Jesus;
Oh praise His name, He's just the same
The very same Jesus.

2 Come, feast upon the living bread,
He's just the same Jesus
As when the multitudes He fed,
The very same Jesus.

3 Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He shed those loving tears,
The very same Jesus.

4 Still follow Him for clearer light,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He gave the blind their sight,
The very same Jesus.

5 Then calm 'midst waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when He hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptur'd eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus
Oh, blessèd day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

(Author **M. Bass**)

34 WE'RE going home to glory soon,
To see the city bright;
To walk the golden streets of heav'n
And bask in God's own light;
But some of you are out of Christ
And held by many a snare;
We cannot leave you lost and lone,
We want you over there.

2 We come to tell the story true
Of love so rich and free!
A crucified and risen Lord
Has grace for you and me;
O listen to the words of love
His messengers declare;
We cannot leave you lost and lone,
We want you over there.

3 We once were burdened sore with sin,
And dark were we and sad;
But Christ has washed us in His blood,
And He has made us glad;
Fly to His wounds, ye guilty ones,
His love and mercy share;
We cannot leave you lost and lone,
We want you over there.

4 We know the time is fleeting fast,
The Lord is near at hand;
O sinner, seek the ark of grace,
Its doors wide open stand;
Christ will not always waiting be,
To trifle do not dare;
We cannot leave you lost and lone,

We want you over there.

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(Author Fanny Crosby)

35 WILL you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart,
Burden'd and sin oppress'd?
Lay it down at the feet of the Savior and Lord,
Jesus will give you rest.

O happy rest! Sweet, happy rest,
Jesus will give you rest:....
Oh! Why won't you come in simple, trusting faith?
Jesus will give you rest.

2 Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you,
Balm for your aching breast;
Only come as you are, and believe on His name,
Jesus will give you rest.

3 Will you come, will you come? You have nothing to pay;
Jesus, who loves you best,
By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
Jesus will give you rest.

4 Will you come, will you come? How He pleads with you now!
Fly to His loving breast;
And whatever your sin or your sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.

(Author P.M.)

36 LOOK to the Saviour on Calvary's tree --
See how He suffered for thee and me;
Hark, while He lovingly calls to thee,
"Look, and thou shalt live!"

Look, and thou shalt live!
Look, and thou shalt live!
Look to the cross where He died for thee:
Look, and thou shalt live!

2 Hast thou a sin-burdened soul to save?
Life everlasting wouldst thou have?
Jesus Himself a ransom gave:
Look, and thou shalt live!

3 Look to the Saviour who rose from the tomb;
Come now to Him, while there yet is room,
His shining face will dispel thy gloom:
Look, and thou shalt live!

4 Jesus on high lives to intercede,
He knows the weary sinner's need:
Surely thy footsteps He will lead;
Look, and thou shalt live!

(Author **William Leslie**)

37 UNDER the burdens of guilt and care,
Many a spirit is grieving,
Who in the joy of the Lord might share,
Life everlasting receiving.

Life! life! eternal life.
Jesus alone is the Giver!
Life! life! abundant life!
Glory to Jesus forever!

2 Burdened one, why will you longer fear
Sorrows from which He releases?
Open your heart, and rejoicing, share
Life "more abundant" in Jesus!

3 Leaving the mountain, the stream grows,
Flooding the vale with a river:
So, from the hill of the Cross, there flows
Life "more abundant" for ever.

4 Oh, for the flood on the thirsty land!
Oh, for a mighty revival!
Oh, for a sanctified, fearless band,
Ready to hail its arrival!

(Author **Elisha A. Hoffman** (1878))

38 HAVE you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in His grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you washed.... in the blood.....
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?....
Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

2 Are you walking daily by the Savior's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified? --
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? --
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean --
O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

(Author **John S. Haugh**)

39 O BLESSED rest of heart,
From doubting, fear and sin;
A rest in Christ the risen Lord,
Who sweetly reigns within.

2 I'm glad this rest is free,
This blessed rest from sin;
This rest is free for you and me,

A living Christ within.

3 He sought my wayward heart,
Was earnest to come in ;
A heart to wandering ever prone,
Whose reigning power was sin.

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4 I gave to Him my heart,
A rebel sinful thing;
I gave it, all the heart I had,
It sorely needed Him.

5 My rest is deep and strong,
Abiding, true and clean;
No darkness now, nor fear at all,
For Jesus reigns supreme.

6 Now open wide your heart,
Refuse not Jesus room;
Admit Him now, He'll give you rest,
And bring eternal noon.

(Author – 1880 - Single occurrence on Hymnary.org [8] gives no author's name, and while the wording to start with is similar, the similarity ends at stanza 2 only reappearing in bits from stanza 1 onward. Wherever the Go-Preachers got this hymn from, it was either greatly altered there or by them by the time it got into the Go-Preacher's Hymn Book.)

40 WE'RE marching on to heaven above –

Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love –
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful shore
Their trials and their labours o'er,
And yet there's room for millions more –
Will you go?

2 The way to heaven is strait, but plain,
Will you come?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you come?
Christ offers pardon free to all,
Who will accept His loving call,
And at His feet repentant fall –
Will you come?

3 How blessed 'tis to serve Him here!
Praise the Lord!
Redeemed from every doubt and fear,
Praise the Lord!
Though tribulation cross our way,
Affliction or adversity,
Yet Jesus saves us every day,
Praise the Lord!

4 And when our day of fighting's o'er,
Home at last!
We'll praise Him on the other shore,
Home at last!
We'll join again in songs of praise,
With those who see the Master's face,
And ever sing redeeming grace –
Home at last!

(Author.- Although two main occurrences of this hymn appear on the Internet, we could find no author's name. According to some of the information this hymn was sung by the Salvation Army, as well as by Spurgeon's group. The hymn appears in several hymn books on [Google Books](#) [9], but none giving an author's name – this particular 32 page book bears a date of 1860)

41 I'M a pilgrim bound for glory;
I'm a pilgrim going home;
Come and hear me tell my story –
All that love the Saviour – Come.

Oh 'tis Jesus guides my footsteps,
He has made my heart His home;
And I would not dare to journey
Thro' this wide, wide world alone.

2 I will tell you what induced me
For the better land to start,
'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness
Overcame and won my heart.

3 Faint and weary then He brought me
To the fountain of His love,
Show'd me how His love had bought me,
Seal'd my pardon from above.

4 Soon my journey will be ended,
Soon my Lord will come again;
Then together with the ransom'd,
I will praise His glorious name.

(Author Rev. S. D. Phelps, D.D.)

42 ONCE I heard a sound at my heart's dark door,
And was roused from slumber of sin;
It was Jesus knock'd, He had knock'd before;
Now I said, "Blessed Master, come in."

Then open! Open, let the Master in!
For the heart will be bright with heav'nly light,
When you let the Master in.

2 Then He spread a feast of redeeming love,
And He made me His happy guest;
In my joy I thought that the saints above
Could be hardly more favour'd or blest

3 In the holy war with the foes of truth,
He's my shield, He my table prepares,
He restores my soul, He renews my youth,
And gives triumph in answer to prayers.

4 He will feast me still with His presence dear,
And the love He so freely hath given;
While His promise tells, as I serve Him here,
Of the banquet of glory in heav'n.

AFTER MEETING

(Author P.P. Bliss)

43 "ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive:
Seems now some soul to say? -
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way:
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

"Almost persuaded," come, come to day!
"Almost persuaded," turn not away!
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear,
O wanderer, come!

"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail;
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost" - but lost!

(Author J. A. Griffith)

44 DRIFTING away from Christ in thy youth,
Drifting away from mercy and truth,
Drifting to sin in tenderest youth,
Drifting away from God.

Brother, the Saviour has called you before;
See! You are nearing eternity's shore!
Soon you may perish, be lost evermore,
Jesus now calls for you.

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2 Drifting away on sin's treach'rous tide,
Drifting where death, and darkness abide,
Drifting from heaven away in your pride,
Drifting away from God.

3 Drifting away from hope's blessed shore,
Drifting away where wild breakers roar;
Drifted and stranded, wreck'd, evermore,
Far from the light of God.

4 Why will you drift on billows of shame,
Spurning His grace again and again!
Soon you'll be lost in sin to remain,
Ever away from God.

(Author Fanny J. Crosby)

45 BEHOLD me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore,
With gentle voice: Oh, heart of sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

Behold Me standing at the door!
And hear Me pleading evermore;
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

2 I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently;
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

3 I would not plead with thee in vain;
Remember all my grief and pain!
I died to ransom thee from sin:
May I come in? may I come in?

4 I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:
Say, weary heart, oppressed with sin,
May I come in? may I come in?

(Author **Sidney Dyer**)

46 TIME is earnest, passing by:
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest – never more;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 God is earnest; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere be set His judgment throne –
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

4 Oh, be earnest! Death is near;
Thou wilt perish, ling'ring here;
Sleep no longer, rise and flee;
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee!

(Author **Samuel Francis Smith**)

47 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shade's o'er thee spread!
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall sooth thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joys are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While His Spirit still doth strive,
Tyrn to Him; thy soul shall live,
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,

Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

(Author **John B. Hague**)

48 HARK, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee,
And warning with language of mercy doeth blend;
Attend to His voice, lest in judgment He meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

2 How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth send!
Haste, haste, while He waits in His arms to enfold thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

3 Despised and rejected, at length He may leave thee;
What anguish and horror thy bosom will rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while He will receive thee:
"The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

4 The Savior will call thee in judgment before Him,
O, let all thy sins go and make Him thy friend;
Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste to adore Him!
Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will end.

(Author - the only occurrence on the net that mentions the author says the author is anonymous.)

49 LIFE at best is very brief,
Like the falling of a leaf,
Like the binding of a sheaf,
Be in time.
Fleeting days are telling fast
That the die will soon be cast,
And the fatal line be passed,
Be in time.

Be in time Be in time....
While the voice of Jesus calls you,
Be in time.....
If in sin you longer wait,
You may find no open gate
And your cry be just too late;
Be in time.

2 Fairest flowers soon decay,
Youth and beauty pass away,
Oh, you have not long to stay,
Be in time.

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While God's Spirit bids you come,
Sinner, do not longer roam,
Lest you seal your hopeless doom,
Be in time.

3 Time is gliding swiftly by,
Death and judgment draweth nigh,
To the arms of Jesus fly,
Be in time!
Oh, I pray you count the cost,
Ere the fatal line be crossed,
And your soul in hell be lost,

Be in time.

4 Sinner, heed the warning voice,
Make the Lord your final choice,
Then all heaven will rejoice,
Be in time.
Come from darkness into light;
Come, let Jesus make you right;
Come, and start for heaven to-night,
Be in time.

(Author Lewis Hartsough, 1872)

50 I HEAR Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Trusting only in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

(Author Fanny Crosby)

51 JESUS is pleading with my poor soul,
Shall I be saved to-night?
If I believe, He will make me whole,
Shall I be saved to-night?
Tenderly, sadly, I hear Him say,
"How can you grieve Me from day to day?"
Shall I go on in the old, old way,
Or shall I be saved to-night?

2 Jesus was nailed to the cross for me,
Shall I be saved to-night?
How can my heart so ungrateful be?
Shall I be saved to-night?
Now He will save me by grace divine.
Now, if I will, I can call Him mine;
Can I the pleasures of earth resign?
Oh shall I be saved to-night?

3 Jesus is knocking at my poor heart,
Shall I be saved to-night?
What if His Spirit should now depart?
Shall I be saved to-night?
Over and over His voice I hear,
Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear,
Shall I reject Him, a Friend so dear?
Oh shall I be saved to-night?

4 What if that voice I should hear no more,
Shall I be saved to-night?
Quickly I'll open this bolted door.
Save me, O Lord, to-night!

Blessèd Redeemer, come in, come in,
Pity my sorrow, forgive my sin!
Now let Thy work in my soul begin,
For I will be saved to-night!

(Author **Annie S. Hawks**)

52 WHO'LL be the next to follow Jesus ?

Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting;
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?
Follow Jesus now.

2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Follow his weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy seat?

3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise his name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—
Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?

4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side?

(Author **Fanny Jane Crosby**)

53 SINNER, how thy heart is troubled,

God is coming very near;
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check that falling tear.

O be saved, his grace is free!
O be saved, he died for thee!

2 Jesus now is bending o'er thee,
Jesus lowly, meek and mild;
To the Friend who died to save thee,
Wilt thou not be reconciled?

3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light;
Come at once! accept His mercy:
He is waiting — come to-night

4 With a lowly, contrite spirit,
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet,
Thou canst feel this very moment
Pardon — precious, pure, and sweet.

5 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven!
Let them sing with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven!

(Author **A. B. Simpson**)

54 I WILL say "Yes." to Jesus,
Oft it was "No," before,
As He knocked at my heart's proud entrance
And I firmly bar'd the door;
But I've made a complete surrender,
And giv'n Him right of way,

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And henceforth it is always "Yes,"
Whatever He may say.

2 I will say "Yes." to Jesus,
His promises I'll claim,
And in ev'ry cheque He endorses
I'll dare to write my name:
I will put my "Amen," wherever
My God has put His "Yea,"
And ever boldly answer "Yes,"
Whatever He may say.

3 I will say "Yes." to Jesus,
To all that He commands;
I will hasten to do His bidding
With willing hearts and hands;
I will listen to hear His whispers,
And learn His will each day,
And always gladly answer "Yes,"
Whatever He may say.

4 I will say "Yes." to Jesus,
Whate'er His hands may bring;
And tho' clouds hang o'er my pathway,
My trusting heart will sing,
"I will follow where'er He leadeth,
My Shepherd knows the way,
And while I live I'll answer 'Yes,'
Whatever He may say."

(Author James McGranahan)

55 SOME one will enter the pearly gate
By-and-by, by-and-by;
Taste of the glories that there await:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one will travel the streets of gold,
Beautiful visions will there behold,
Feast on the pleasures so long foretold:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

2 Some one at last will his cross lay down
By and by, by and by;
Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one the glorious King will see,
Ever from sorrow of earth be free,
Happy with Him through eternity:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

3 Some one will knock when the door is shut-
By and by, by and by;
Hear a voice saying, "I know you not:"

Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one will call and shall not be heard,
Vainly will strive when the door is barred,
Some one will fail of the saints' reward;
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

4 Some one will sing the triumphant song
By and by, by and by;
Join in the praise with the blood bought throng:
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one will greet on the golden shore
Loved ones of earth, who have gone before,
Safe in the glory forevermore;
Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

(Author Fanny J. Crosby)

56 I MUST have the Saviour with me,
For I dare not walk alone;
I must feel His presence near me,
And His arm around me thrown.

Then my soul....shall fear no ill.....
Let Him lead....me where He will.....
I will go without a murmur,
And His footsteps follow still.

2 I must have the Saviour with me,
For my faith, at best, is weak;
He can whisper words of comfort
That no other voice can speak.

3 I must have the Saviour with me
In the onward march of life,
Thro' the tempest and the sunshine,
Thro' the battle and the strife.

4 I must have the Saviour with me,
And His eye the way must guide,
Till I reach the vale of Jordan,
Till I cross the rolling tide.

Author Edward Cooney

E.C.

57 SINNER, thou hast wandered far,
Satan's ways thy life doth mar,
Yet for thee doth Jesus care,
Come to Him now.
Hear Him whisper, don't delay,
He will cleanse you while you pray,
Whiter than snow.

2 Heed not Satan's wily voice,
Now's the time to make your choice,
Yield to Christ and then rejoice,
Find Him thy home.
Trust me sinner, hear Him cry,
Love of thee led me to die,
To my arms of mercy fly,
Never more to roam.

3 Friend, to-night may seal thy doom,
Through refusing Jesus room,
As He comes to lift the gloom,
From thy dark heart.

Brother, yield to Him thine all,
Trusting Christ thou wilt not fall,
This may be thy final call,
Hear lest He depart.

4 Sayest thou no? how sad thy fate
Turning back from heaven's gate,
Almost saved, but yet too late,
Heeding not God's call.
Thou wilt gnash thy teeth and weep,
What thou sowest thou shalt reap,
Pause before that darkness deep
Sealeth o'er thy soul.

5 Sayest thou yes? Then God's own light,
Now shall dawn o'er nature's night,
Jesus will make thee right,
He will take thy part.
Halt no more, but say the word,
From thy heart that makes Him Lord,
This alone can peace afford
To thy sad heart.

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SAINTS

(Author P. S. Translated by Frances Bevan)

58 GOD in heaven hath a treasure,
Riches none may count or tell;
Hath a deep eternal pleasure,
Christ, the Son, He loveth well.
God hath here on earth a treasure,
None but He its price may know—
Deep, unfathomable pleasure,
Christ revealed in saints below.

2 God in tongues of fire descending,
Chosen vessels thus to fill
With the treasure never ending,
Ever spent—unfailing still.
God's own hand the vessel filling
From the glory far above,
Longing hearts forever stilling
With those riches of His love.

3 Thus tho' worn, and tried, and tempted,
Glorious calling, saint, is thine;
Let the Lord but find thee emptied,
Living branch in Christ the Vine!
Vessels of the world's despising,
Vessels weak, and poor, and base;
Bearing wealth God's heart is prizing,
Glory from Christ's blessed face.

Oh, to be but emptier, lowlier,
Mean, unnoticed, and unknown,
And to God a vessel holier,
Filled with Christ, and Christ alone!

Naught of earth to cloud the glory,
Naught of self the light to dim,
Telling forth His wondrous story,
Emptied—to be filled with Him.

(Author Rev. G. D. Watson, D.D.)

59 I HEAR my dying Saviour say:
Follow Me! Come, follow Me!
For thee I gave my life away—
Follow Me! come, follow Me!
I know how heart and flesh may fail,
I've borne the fury of the gale;
Do thou, My child, o'er hill and dale,
Follow Me! come, follow Me!

2 Tho' thou hast sinn'd, I'll pardon thee;
From inbred sin I'll set thee free;
O look to Me, dismiss thy fears,
And trust Me thro' all coming years!
My hand shall wipe away thy tears.

3 Come, cast upon Me all thy cares!
Thy heavy load Mine arm upbears,
In all thy changeful life I'll be
Thy God and Guide o'er land and sea,
Thy bliss through all eternity.

(Author Gerhard Ter Steegen)

60 COME, brothers, on and forward!
With us the Father goes;
He leads us and He guards us,
Through thousands of our foes.
The sweetness and the glory,
The sunlight of His eyes,
Make all the desert places
To bloom as paradise.

2 Lo, through the pathless midnight
The fiery pillar leads,
And onward goes the Shepherd
Before the flock He feeds;
Unquestioning, unfearing,
The lambs may follow on
In confidence and quiet—
Their eyes on Him alone.

3 O! dare and suffer all things!
Yet but a stretch of road,
Then wondrous words of welcome,
And then the face of God.
The world, how small and empty—
Our eyes have looked on Him;
The mighty Sun has risen,
The taper burneth dim.

4 We follow in His footsteps;
What if our feet be torn?
Where He has marked the pathway,
All hail the brier and thorn!
Scarce seen, scarce heard, unreckoned,
Despised, defamed, unknown,
Or heard, but by our singing,
On, brothers! ever on!

(Author **Gerhard Ter Steegen**)

61 LO, we can tread rejoicing
The narrow pilgrim's road;
We know the voice that calls us,
We know our faithful God.
Come, children, on to glory!
With every face set fast
Towards the golden towers
Where we shall rest at last.

2 It was with voice of singing
We left the land of night,
To pass to glorious music
Far onward out of sight.
O children, was it sorrow?
Though thousand worlds were lost!
Our eyes have looked on Jesus,
And thus we count the cost.

3 O bliss to leave behind us
The fetters of the slave,
To leave ourselves behind us,
The grave clothes and the grave.
To speed, unburdened pilgrims,
Glad, empty-handed, free,
To cross the trackless deserts,
And walk upon the sea.

4 Across the will of nature
Leads on the path of God!
Not where the flesh delighteth
The feet of Jesus trod.
If now the path be narrow
And steep and rough and lone;
If crags and tangles cross it,
Praise God! We will go on.

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Go-Preacher's Hymn Book

(Author **Anna Letitia Waring** (1849))

62 MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the Earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
And the fear that sends me to Thyself,
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health,
Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my portion, saith my soul,"
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen,
Will never die away.

(Author Frances R. Havergal)

63 LIVE out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou Thyself the answer
To all my questionings.
Live out Thy life within me,
In all things have Thy way!
I, the transparent medium,
Thy glory to display.

2 The temple has been yielded,
And purified of sin;
Let Thy Shekinah glory
Now shine forth from within.
And all the earth keep silence,
The body henceforth be
Thy silent, gentle servant,
Moved only as by Thee.

3 Its members every moment
Held subject to Thy call;
Ready to have Thee use them,
Or not be used at all.
Held without restless longing,
Or strain, or stress, or fret,
Or chafings at Thy dealings,
Or thoughts of vain regret.

4 But restful, calm and pliant,
From bend and bias free,
Permitting Thee to settle
When Thou hast need of me,
Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou the glorious answer
To all my questionings.

(Author Freda Hanbury Allen)

64 A LIFE of overcoming,
A life of ceaseless praise,
Be this thy blessed portion
Throughout the coming days.
The victory was purchased
On Calvary's cross for thee,
Sin shall not have dominion,

The Son hath made thee free.

2 And would'st thou know the secret
Of constant victory?
Let in the Overcomer,
And He will conquer thee!
Thy broken spirit, taken
In sweet captivity,
Shall glory in His triumph
And share His victory.

3 Though all the path before thee
The host of darkness fill,
Look to thy Father's promise,
And claim the victory still.
Faith sees the heavenly legions,
Where doubt sees nought but foes,
And through the very conflict
Her life the stronger grows.

4 More stern will grow the conflict
As nears our King's return,
And they alone can face it,
Who this great lesson learn;
That from them God asks nothing
But to unlatch the door,
Admitting Him, who through them,
Will conquer evermore.

(Author Fanny J. Crosby)

65 RICH are the moments of blessing
Jesus my Saviour bestows;
Pure is the well of salvation
Fresh from His mercy that flows.

2 Ever He walketh beside me,
Brightly His sunshine appears,
Spreading a beautiful rainbow
Over the valley of tears.

3 Rich are the moments of blessing,
Lovely, and hallow'd, and sweet,
When from my labour at noontide
Calmly I rest at His feet.

4 Tho' by the mist and the shadow,
Sometimes my sky may be dim,
Rich are the moments of blessing
Spent in communion with Him.

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(Author Norman Macleod (1812-1872))

66 COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
Trust in God, and do the right.

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely; strong or weary;
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God, and do the right.

5 Trust no lovely forms of passion-
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
Trust in God, and do the right

6 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee-
Trust in God And do the right.

(Author **Herbert H. Booth**, Salvation Army)

67 LORD, thro' the Blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
From all the guilt of my sins now I claim,
Cleansing from thee, cleansing from thee.
Sinful and black tho' the past may have been,
Many the crushing defeats I have seen,
Yet on thy promise, O Lord, now I lean,
Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.

2 From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom,
Cleansing for me.
From all the fears that would point me to doom,
Cleansing for me..
Jesus, although I may not understand,
In childlike faith now I put forth my hand,
And thro' thy word and thy grace I shall stand,
Cleansed by thee.

From all the care of what men think or say,
Cleansing for me.
From ever fearing to speak, sing, or pray,
Cleansing for me, .
Lord, in thy love and thy power make me strong,
That all may know that to thee I belong;
When I am tempted let this be my song-
Cleansing for me.

(Author **Isaac Watts** 1707)

68 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

(Author Anonymous)

69 OUR God will guide us right,
And walking in the light,
We shall win a crown of glory on that day,
When Jesus calls His own
Together round the throne,
Who keep along the middle of the King's highway.

The King's highway!
The King's highway!
Oh, turn aside from everything that leads astray!
Our God will guide us right,
And walking in the light,
We'll keep along the middle of the King's highway.

2 Wherever you may be,
Whatever you may see
That would lead you into evil, say you "Nay!"
I will not turn aside;
Whatever may betide;
I'll keep along the middle of the King's highway.

3 The meadows may be green
When "By-path Style" is seen;
"Turn aside," the little flowers seem to say;
Be sure you take no heed;
They're trying to mislead;
Just keep along the middle of the King's highway.

4 For on enchanted ground,
There's danger all around,
And a thousand pleasant voices bid you stay,
With fingers stop your ears,
And never mind the jeers;
Just keep along the middle of the King's highway.

(Author No author's name found)

70 THERE is sunshine in my soul to-day,
More glorious and bright
Than glows in any earthly sky,
For Jesus is my light.

Oh, there's sun.....shine, blessed sun.....shine
When the peaceful, happy moments roll;....
When Jesus shows His smiling face,
There is sunshine in my soul.

2 There is music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King.
And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.

3 There is springtime in my soul to-day,
For, when the Lord is near,
The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flow'rs of grace appear.

4 There is gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys "laid up" above.

(Author Harriet Auber (1829))

71 OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling place
And worthier Thee.

6 O praise the Father; praise the Son:
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee:
All praise to God, the three in One,
The One in Thee.

(Author H. B. Beegle)

72 WASH me O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin!
By Thine atoning blood,
Oh, make me clean!
Purge me from ev'ry stain,
Let me Thine image gain,
In love and mercy reign
O'er all within.

2 Wash me, O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin!
I long to be like Thee—
All pure within.
Now let the crimson tide,
Shed from Thy wounded side,

Be to my heart applied,
And make me clean.

3 Wash me, O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin!
By faith Thy cleansing blood
Now makes me clean.
So near art Thou to me,
So sweet my rest in Thee—
O blessed purity,
Saved, saved from sin!

4 Wash me, O Lamb of God,
Wash me from sin!
Thou, while I trust in Thee,
Wilt keep me clean.
Each day to Thee I bring
Heart, life—yes, everything;
Saved, while to Thee I cling,
Saved from all sin!

(Author **Fanny J. Crosby** (1875))

73 TO God be the glory, great things He hath done,
So loved He the world that He gave us His son,
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life Gate that all may go in.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the earth hear His voice,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord
Let His people rejoice.
O come to the Father thro' Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He hath done.

2 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

3 Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done,
And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son
But purer and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport when Jesus we see.

(Author **William R. Featherstone** (1864))

74 My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

3 I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

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(Author Frances Bevan)

75 O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me!..
There's love and life, and la..sting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee!

2 I Sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah! The waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the slightest eyes received
Thy loveliness to see.

(Author Richard Jukes (1804-67))

76 MY heart is fixed, eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my unchanging choice is made—
Christ for me!
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring;
And while I've breath I mean to sing—
"Christ for me!"

2 Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me!
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me!
Their gold will waste and wear away,
Their honours perish in a day,
Mt portion never can decay—
Christ for me!

3 At home, abroad, by night, by day,
Christ for me!
Him first and last, Him all day long.
My strength and shield, my fortress strong,
This evermore my hope and song—
Christ for me!

4 Now who can sing my song and say
"Christ for me!
My life and truth, my light and way,
Christ for me!"

Then here's my heart and here's my hand,
We'll form a daring, happy band,
And shout aloud throughout the land—
"Christ for me!"

(Author **Fanny J. Crosby**)

77 IN the secret of His presence
How my soul delights to hide!
Oh how precious are the lessons
Which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me,
Neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me,
To the secret place I go.

In His presence is salvation,
In the shining of His face;
Shelter sure in all temptation
In this hallowed hiding-place.

2 When my soul is faint and thirsty,
'Neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter,
And a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me,
As we hold communion sweet;
If I tried, I could not utter
What He says when thus we meet.

3 Only this I know: I tell Him
All my doubts, and griefs, and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens!
And my drooping soul He cheers:
Do you think He ne'er reproves me?
What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me
Of the sins which He must see!

4 Would you like to know the sweetness
Of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow:
This shall then be your reward;
And when you leave the silence
Of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image
Of the Master in your face.

(Author **William James Kirkpatrick**)

78 We are never, never weary of the grand old song;
Glory to God, hallelujah!
We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
Glory to God, hallelujah!

O, the children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing,
For the way is growing bright, and our souls are on the wing;
We are going on and by to the palace of a King;
Glory to God, hallelujah!

2 We are lost amid the rapture of redeeming love;
Glory to God, hallelujah!
We are rising on its pinions to the hills
Glory to God, hallelujah!

3 We are going to a palace that is built of gold;
Glory to God, hallelujah!
Where the King in all His splendour we shall soon behold;
Glory to God, hallelujah!

4 There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song;
Glory to God, hallelujah!
There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-washed throng;
Glory to God, hallelujah!

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(Author Anne R. Cousin)

79 O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!

Our load was laid on Thee:
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup:
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop,
'Tis empty now for me:
That bitter cup, love drank it up;
Now blessing's draught for me.

The tempest's awful voice was heard,
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarr'd, Thy visage marr'd;
Now cloudless peace for me.

For me Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee:
Thou'rt risen—my hands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white and tried,
Thy glory then for me!

(Author Annie S. Hawks (1872); Author (refrain): Robert Lowry (1872))

80 I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

I need Thee, oh, I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee:
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee!

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,

Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One:
Now I am Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

(Author Fanny J. Crosby)

81 NOW just a word for Jesus,
Your dearest friend so true;
Come cheer our hearts and tell us
What He has done for you.

Now just a word for Jesus—
'Twill help us on our way
One little word for Jesus
O speak, or sing, or pray.

2 Now just a word for Jesus;
A cross it cannot be
To say, I love my Saviour
Who gave His life for me.

3 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.

4 Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to Him.

(Author Fanny J. Crosby)

82 HERE from the world we turn,
Jesus to seek:
Here may His loving voice
Graciously speak!
Jesus, our dearest Friend,
While at Thy feet we bend,
Oh, let Thy smile descend,
'Tis Thee we seek.

2 Come, Holy Comforter,
Presence divine.
Now in our longing hearts
Graciously shine!
Oh for Thy mighty power!
Oh for a blessed hour
With joy divine!

3 Saviour, Thy work revive!
Here may we see
Those who are dead in sin
Quickened by Thee:
Come to our hearts to-night,
Make every burden light,
Cheer Thou our waiting sight;
We long for Thee.

(Author **James L. Black**)

83 GOD is here, and that to bless us
With the Spirit's quick'ning power;
See, the cloud already bending,
Waits to drop the grateful shower.

Let it come.....of blessing fall:
We are wait.....ing.....we are waiting,
Oh, revive...the hearts of all!

2 God is here! We feel His presence
In this consecrated place:
But we need the soul refreshing
Of His free, unbounded grace.

3 God is here! Oh, then, believing,
Bring to Him our one desire,
That His love may now be kindled,
Till its flame each heart inspire.

4 Saviour, grant the prayer we offer,
While in simple faith we bow,
From the windows of Thy mercy
Pour us out a blessing now.

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(Author **Robert Johnson**)

84 MARCHING on in the light of God,
Marching on, I'm marching on;
Up the path the Master trod,
Marching, marching on.

A robe of white, a crown of gold,
A harp, a home, a mansion fair,
A victor's palm, a joy untold,
Are mine when I get there.
For Jesus is my Saviour, He's washed my sins away,
Paid my debt on Calvary's mountain:
Happy in His dying love, singing all the day.
I'm living, yes, I'm living in the fountain.

2 Marching on through the hosts of sin.
Victory's mine while I've Christ within.

3 Marching on while the worldlings sneer,
Perfect love casteth out all fear.

4 Marching on in the Spirit's might,
More than conqu'ror in every fight.

5 Marching on to the realms above,
There to sing of redeeming love.

(Author **Francis Bottome**)

85 SEARCH me, O God! My actions try,
And let my life appear,
As seen by Thine all-searching eye—

To mine my ways make clear.

2 Search all my sense, and know my heart,
Who only canst make known,
And let the deep, the hidden part
To me be fully shown.

3 Throw light into the darkened cells,
Where passion reigns within;
Quicken my conscience till it feels
The loathsomeness of sin.

4 Search all my thoughts, the secret springs,
The motives that control;
The chambers where polluted things
Hold empire o'er the soul.

5 Search, till Thy fiery glance has cast
Its holy light through all,
And I by grace am brought at last
Before Thy face to fall.

6 Thus prostrate I shall learn of Thee
What now I feebly prove,
That God alone in Christ can be
Unutterable love.

(Author Horatio R. Palmer)

86 Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercomeeth God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer, tho' often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

(Author Rev. H. J. Zelle)

87 WHEN Israel out of bondage came,
A sea before them lay;
The Lord reached down His mighty hand
And roll'd the sea away.

Then forward still, 'tis Jehovah's will
Though the billows dash and spray;
With a conqu'ring tread, we will push ahead,
He'll roll the sea away.

2 Before me was a sea of sin,
So great I feared to pray;
My heart's desire the Saviour read,
And roll'd the sea away

3 When sorrows dark, like stormy waves
Were dashing o'er my way;
Again the Lord in mercy came,
And roll'd the sea away.

4 And when I reach the sea of death,
For needed grace I'll pray;
I know the Lord will quickly come
And roll the sea away.

(Author Eliza E. Hewitt)

88 MORE about Jesus would I know,
More of His grace to others show;
More of His saving fullness see,
More of His love who died for me.

More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fullness see,
More of His love Who died for me.

2 More about Jesus let me learn,
More of His holy will discern;
Spirit of God my teacher be,
Showing the things of Christ to me.

3 More about Jesus: in His word,
Holding communion with my Lord;
Hearing His voice in every line,
Making each faithful saying mine.

4 More about Jesus; on His throne,
Riches in glory all His own;
More of His kingdom's sure increase;
More of His coming, Prince of Peace.

(Author Elizabeth Elliot)

89 SPEAK, Lord, in Thy stillness,
While I wait on Thee;
Hush my heart to listen
In expectancy.

2 Speak, O blessed Master,
In this quiet hour;
Let me see Thy face, Lord,
Feel Thy touch of power.

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3 For the words Thou speakest,
"They are life indeed;"
Living bread from heaven,
Now my spirit feed!

4 Sate my being,
With Thy fullness all;
As the dew descending
Let Thy speech distil.

5 All to Thee is yielded,
I am not mine own;
Blissful, glad surrender,
I am thine alone.

6 Speak, Thy servant heareth
Be not silent, Lord!
Waits my soul upon Thee
For the quickening word.

7 Fill me with the knowledge
Of Thy glorious will;
All Thine own good pleasure
In Thy child fulfil.

8 Like a watered garden
Full of fragrance rare,
Lingering in Thy presence
Let my life appear.

(Author unknown)

90 THE world hands oot its joys,
Its wee bit tinsel toys,
And tries its best to captivate and please us;
But to me it's a' in vain,
Sin ne'er can charm again,
For a' my hope and a' my trust's in Jesus.

Jesus! Jesus! o'er land and sea
There's nane to me like Jesus;
For He's ta'en my sins awa'
And He's wash'd me white as snaw:
And a' my hope and a' my trust's in Jesus.

2 The floo'rs that smell sae sweet
A' wither at oor feet;
The freen's we lo'e sae weel they dee and leeve us:
But glory to His name!
There's ane wha's aye the same,
He never dees, He never leaves, it's Jesus.

3 To sit in lordly state,
To rank amang earth's great,
And court the smile o' ilka ane that sees us,
To some may joy impart;
But oh! This longing heart
Wad aye in "heavenly places" sit wi' Jesus.

4 We'll work till day is dune,
For nicht comes on fu' sune,
Nae mair the things o' earth will vex or grieve us;
In Him we'll fa' asleep,
And rest, nae mair to weep;
But there, for aye, in bliss, we'll be wi' Jesus.

Author **Edward Cooney**

91 THERE is a gate, 'tis very strait;
So few go through it, for they hate
To lay aside their earthly pride
And follow Jesus crucified.

2 Not many care to hear to-day,
That they must walk the narrow way,
If they would hear from Christ, "well done"
When they their earthly course have run.

3 So prophets false delight to tell
The soothing Gospel most love well,

And while they will not do but say,
The multitudes are led astray.

4 None are to be like Christ to-day;
He preached for naught, but we'll take pay;
He said, give freely, live like me,
But we must get a salary.

5 For times have changed, and we must go
The way that suits us here below;
So prophets false that please the crowd
Won't live like Christ because they're proud.

6 He lived the slave life, they are gents.;
He freely gave, they charge pew rents;
He went about, they settle down;
They get man's smile, He got men's frown.

7 Therefore the prophet true they hate,
Because He says strait is the gate,
And lives the way before men's eyes,
The narrow way that most despise.

8 So few profess through prophets true,
They're numbered with transgressors too;
While thousands say Lord Lord through men
Who preach, but won't live Matthew Ten.

Author **Edward Cooney**

92 FULL, nineteen hundred years ago,
There dwelt upon the earth,
A Child of common parentage,
A Child of lowly birth.

2 And as He grew He looked around,
Seeking in vain to see
A heart in tune to some extent
With His heart's harmony.

3 He grew from year to year,
Amidst the clashing views of creeds,
Claiming to be the truth of God,
Producing poisonous weeds.

4 At length arrived at man's estate,
He heard the strange report,
Of one who dared to differ from
Preachers of every sort.

5 Down to the river bank He went,
To hear this preacher strange,
Whose reputation was that he
The people did derange.

6 He saw before Him one whose garb
Was but of camel's hair,
Who cried make straight the way of God,
The path of life prepare.

7 'Twas God in man that stood beside
That river bank to hear
One brave enough to sound the note
That brought an early bier.

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8 His heart went forth in sympathy,
That true man's heart to meet,
Forth stepped He to his side to show
That fellowship so sweet.

9 So sweet to lonely hearts that break
For lack of sympathy,
As from their lips pour forth God's words
In midst of apathy.

10 Baptise Me, Jesus said,
And light flashed on the Baptist's heart,
'Tis the God man, the God sent one,
Who comes to take my part.

11 Oh sweet reward for mourning days
Spent midst the surging crowd
Of critics, triflers, sneering scribes,
And Pharisees purse proud.

12 Thus ever to the lonely heart,
That seeks the face of God.
The light shines in then shines out,
Upon the world abroad.

13 All children of the light draw near,
For fellowship with one,
Who dares with single eye to tread
The path of truth alone.

(Author - author's name not located - the only occurrence of this hymn on the Internet is this one in the Go-Preacher's Hymn Book - note however that the message in the hymn is decidedly the same as the 2x2 message wherein a human being can "win" "God's love and favour" - which is not the "God's grace ALONE" message of the Bible.)

93 WE may walk each moment with our Lord and Saviour,
If we act according to His blessed word;
We are told that Enoch won God's love and favour,
Perfect joy he had while walking with the Lord.

Walking with the Lord,
Walking with the Lord,
We have joy unfailing,
Walking with the Lord.

2 See those Hebrew children praising God so truly,
Though the king's commandment had to be ignored;
To the flames he flung them, but 'mid furnace fury
They were oh, so happy, walking with the Lord.

3 Was not that journey full of thrilling gladness
To the two disciples left us on record;
How the Saviour's presence chased away their sadness,
They were filled with rapture walking with the Lord.

4 Let us walk, my brother, worthy of our calling;
Let us work together all with one accord;
Let us live to save them who in sin are falling,
And in robes unspotted walk with Christ the Lord.

SERVANTS.

(Author Richard Slater)

94 IN the fight, say, does your heart grow weary?

Do you find your path is rough and thorny;
And above, the sky is dark and stormy?
Never mind, go on!
Lay aside all fear, and onward pressing,
Bravely fight, and God will give His blessing;
Though the war at times may prove distressing,
Never mind, go on!

When the road we tread is rough,
Let us bear in mind,
In our Saviour's strength enough
We may always find:
Tho' the fight may be tough,
Let our motto be,
Go on, go on to vict'ry.

2 Faithful be, delaying not to follow
Where Christ leads, though it may be through sorrow;
If the strife should fiercer grow tomorrow,
Never mind, go on!
Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten,
One glad heart will always others brighten,
Though the strife the coward's soul may frighten,
Never mind, go on!

3 When down hearted, look away to Jesus,
Who for you did shed His blood most precious;
Let us say, though all the world should hate us,
Never mind, go on!
Do your best in fighting for your Saviour,
For His sake, fear not to lose men's favour,
If beside you should a comrade waver,
Never mind, go on!

Author **Edward Cooney**

95 WE are the slaves of Jesus, set free from claims of sin.
Sent forth by Him who bought us, the souls of men to win.
The love that sought and found us, impels us now to give
Our lives for men a ransom, that they through Christ may live.

We are the slaves of Jesus, set free from claims of sin.
Sent forth by Him who bought us, the souls of men to win.

2 We are the slaves of Jesus, we find His service sweet,
He leads the way from day to day, He keeps our wavering feet;
As on we press there's much distress, yet trusting in His might,
The foe we face, and by His Grace we conquer in the fight.

3 We are the slaves of Jesus, we glory in the cross,
Which puts to death our selfishness, and brings us earthly loss;
For as self dies the life of Christ shines out, through us to all
Who grope their way in sin's dark night, held fast by Satan's thrall.

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4 We are the slaves of Jesus, we'll therefore onward go.
And preach the truth, though scribes forsooth, say we should not do so;
For well we ken, through Matthew Ten, the way that pleases God
Christ's way is right, for it we'll fight till put beneath the sod.

5 We are the slaves of Jesus, we've proved His plan is best,
Though clerics say 'twont suit to-day, for it disturbs our nest;
Self-love doeth blind men of that kind, but all who preach Christ's way,
Though oft cast out, can always shout - Through Him we'll win the day!

6 We are the slaves of Jesus, fast bound by cords of love,
We'll do His will though men may kill and send us home above;
They slew our blessed Master, and those who follow near
May share His fate, and through that gate go home without a tear.

7 We are the slaves of Jesus, He'll soon come back again,
And with Him for a thousand years we hope on earth to reign;
Then Satan's bound, the beast dethroned, no longer to oppose,
Jesus is King, the saints shall sing, His footstool is His foes.

8 We are the slaves of Jesus, on that Millennial day
He'll start a glorious mission, when false prophets are away;
The Prophet true, whom worldlings slew, shall teach us how to win
Earth's teeming millions to His side, who died to save from sin.

(Author **Sam Jones (2x2 Worker)**)

96 THE fields are white, the harvest time is near,
When you and I before God must appear
To reap the fruit of seed on earth we've sown;
We'll hear depart, ye cursed, or ye blessed come.

We're sowing, we're sowing,
Out on life's harvest field,
And every seed we sow,
Some fruit will yield.

2 The fields are white, there's much for all to do;
Great is the need, and labourers still are few,
Think of the precious souls that careless roam,
And of the fate that waits them at the Harvest Home.

3 Seeds we have scattered broadcast everywhere;
They'll rise again, some kind of fruit they'll bear;
Which shall it be when reaping time has come?
Shall you be cast away as tares, or gathered home?

(Author **May Agnew Stephens**)

97 DO you ever feel down hearted or discouraged?
Do you ever feel your work is all in vain?
Do the burdens thrust upon you make you tremble,
And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain?

Have faith in God!.....the sun will shine.....
Tho' dark the clouds...may be to-day.....
His heart has planned...your path and mine;....
Have faith in God,....have faith always...

2 Darkest night will always come before the dawning;
Silver lining shine on God's side of the cloud:
All your journey He has promised to be with you;
Naught has come to you but what His love allow'd.

3 God is mighty! He is able to deliver;
Faith can victor be in ev'ry tempting hour:
Fear and care and sin and sorrow be defeated
By our faith in God's almighty conq'ring pow'r.

Author **Edward Cooney**

98 WE look for revival, like John the Baptist had,
When those who had two coats gave to the poorly clad,
And they who had food to give, gave gladly of their store,
Knowing full well it was done that God would send them more.

Oh, when will it begin,
God's own true revival,
Men turning from sin.

2 We look for revival, like that of Pentecost,
When preachers like Jesus sought to rescue the lost;
They left home and kindred, gave alms of all they had,
But dared to follow Jesus tho' many called them mad.

3 We look for revival, like what is in the Book,
When all true disciples their money bags forsook,
And gave the needy what they had stored away,
Content to be like Jesus, just loving day by day.

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4 We look for revival to turn things upside down,
And make men unselfish in this selfish town,
Where pride and profession go stalking hand in hand,
And many say and do not, just building on the sand.

5 We look for revival, like that of Peter's day'
When thousands were willing to do as well as say;
'Tis easy to talk love and put money by,
But those who follow Jesus, lay treasure up on high.

6 We look for revival, like that of Pentecost,
When over three thousand their reputation lost
For standing by preachers who had no house or land,
And tramped the earth like Jesus, a poor but happy band,

7 We look for revival, when saints their debts will pay,
And cease to spend their money on getting clothing gay,
For some deck their bodies and run up traders bills,
And this when people know it their testimony kills.

8 We look for revival, when those who smoke the weed,
And teach men to follow Christ in every word and deed,
Will get right themselves first and walk the Jesus way,
For Pharisees at all times never do but say.

9 So for this revival we mean to preach and live,
For Jesus Christ's plain teaching was not to get but give;
We'll spend and be spent then to save our fellow men,
And though we shall suffer now, we'll reign with Jesus then.

Author **Edward Cooney**

99 JESUS the preacher poor is right,
Therefore will we stand with those
Who preach His way though worldlings fight
And seek to hinder and oppose.

So We'll fight for the Jesus way,
Whether it suits or not,
Never mind what the Pharisees say,
Those who preach should get what Jesus got.

2 Scribes say that it won't suit to-day,
Jesus never said 'twould suit;
When preachers want more than workman's pay,
Selfishness is sure to be the root.

3 Jesus got a bit here and there,
As He tramped and preached the Word;
Martha was willing with Him to share
All that God spread upon her board.

4 Live the way I live was what Jesus said
To the men who went forth then;
Tramp about and preach, saints will give you bread;
This you'll find described in Matthew Ten.

5 Every sect unites to oppose this plan,
For their power it overthrows;
What glorifies God surely humbles man,
This explains why opposition grows.

6 Though the fight is keen, we will still go on;
God and Mammon can't agree;
We shall suffer much ere the victory's won,
Bring Jesus Christ's own liberty.

Author **Edward Cooney**

100 THERE is a plan the Son of man arranged to save the world,
He went about and worked it out though scoffs at Him were hurled;
Some said He had gone mad, but honest hearts were glad
To see the truth in Jesus who gave up all He had.

2 About two thousand years ago Jesus said, "Go and preach,"
Disciples make, the good seed sow, all that I tell you teach;
He said this to poor men who left their homes and then
Launched out to live like Jesus as told in Matthew Ten.

3 This simple plan the Son of man lived out before men's eyes;
"I am the way," they heard Him say, the victory in this lies,
If preachers live like Me, My love the world will see,
In those whose lives are broken to give men liberty.

4. First twelve then the seventy He sent to walk this way;
They left their all at Jesus' call, determined to obey;
The scribes said it was queer, the Pharisees did jeer,
But preachers, trusting Jesus went on without a fear.

5 They came rejoicing back to Christ, His promise they had tried;
Seek first the Kingdom, He said, your needs will be supplied;
They scattered all they had, though people though 'twas bad,
But when they proved His Word was true, their hearts were surely glad.

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6 Thus Jesus and His preachers true lived out this life of trust;
A common bag they had, and shared alike the common trust;
Sometimes they hungry were, yet God for them did care,
And so their tests and trials they joyfully could bear.

7 But Satan got Christ's followers at one time off track,
And Jesus who could read their hearts, saw they were going back;
They left the heavenly source, so He said take your purse,
Gird on your sword; they thought it right, but found it proved much worse.

8 But soon restored by their dear Lord, they got upon the way,
And lived in sweet dependence on their Father day by day;

No salary had they, none did their stipend pay,
But God, their Father fed them, they walked the Jesus' way.

9 But now doeth Satan triumph, he's altered Christ's own plan,
He makes men say, 'twont suit to-day to please the heart of man;
They tell that times have changed, and so what Christ arranged,
Is followed out by few, and these are thought deranged.

10 So clergymen and manses are scattered o'er the land,
And ministers like Jesus, are thought a foolish band,
Because they go Christ's way, no matter what men say,
Believing that He meant it to be the same to-day.

11 Because Christ's plan is set aside, the devil filleth Hell;
Jesus said, "go;" Satan says, "stay and for yourself do well;
Look after number one, 'tis what the most have done;
Whate'er doth pay is now the way for all wise Scribes to run."

(Author Emma Frances Shuttleworth Bevan)

101 FROM the brightness of the glory,
"Go ye forth," He said;
"Heal the sick, and cleanse the lepers,
Raise the dead.

2 "Freely give I thee the treasure,
Freely give the same;
Take no store of gold or silver—
Take My name.

3 "Thou art fitted for the journey,
How so long it be;
Thou shalt come, unwore, unwearied,
back to Me.

4 "Thou shalt tell Me in the glory
All that thou hast done,
Setting forth alone; returning
Not alone.

5 "Thou shalt bring the ransomed with thee;
They with songs shall come
As the golden sheaves of harvest,
Gathered home."

(Author Henry F. Lyte (1793-1847))

102 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken.
Thou from hence mine all shall be.

I will follow Thee my Saviour!
Thou hast shed Thy blood for me;
And though all the world forsake Thee,
By Thy grace I will follow Thee!

2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still mine own.

3 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too,
Human hearts and looks deceive me:

Thou art not, like them, untrue!

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me,
But in Thee I find my rest.

5 Here I find my full salvation,
Freed from self, the world, and sin,
Though assailed by fierce temptation,
Jesus keeps me pure within.

With His Spirit dwelling in me,
With His smile to be my light,
Through His love who died to win me,
I shall conquer in the fight.

(Author **Albert B. Simpson**)

103 JESUS only is our message,
Jesus all our theme shall be;
We will lift up Jesus ever,
Jesus only will we see.

Jesus only, Jesus ever,
Jesus all in all we sing;
Blessed Saviour, Sanctifier,
Glorious Lord and coming King.

2 Jesus only is our Saviour,
All our guilt He bore away,
All our righteousness He gives us,
All our strength from day to day.

3 Jesus is our Sanctifier,
Cleansing us from self and sin;
And with all His Spirit's fullness,
Filling all our hearts within.

4 Jesus only is our power,
His the gift of Pentecost;
Jesus, breathe Thy power upon us,
Fill us with the Holy Ghost.

5 And for Jesus we are waiting,
List'ning for the Advent call;
But 'twill still be Jesus only,
Jesus ever, all in all

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(Author **John H. Sammis**)

104 WHEN we walk with the Lord
In the light of His word,
What a glory He sheds in our way!
While we do His good will,
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus but to trust and obey.

2 Not a shadow can rise,
Not a cloud in the skies,
But His smile quickly drives it away;
Not a doubt nor a fear,
Not a sigh nor a tear,
Can abide while we trust and obey.

3 Not a burden we bear,
Not a sorrow we share,
But our toll He doth richly repay;
Not a grief nor a loss,
Not a frown or a cross
But is best if we trust and obey.

4 But we never can prove
The delight of His love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favour He shows
And the joy He bestows
Are for them who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or we'll walk by His side in the way,
What He says we will do,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

(Author Frances R. Havergal (1872))

105 LORD speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone:
As Thou hast sought, let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I might feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart,
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power,
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

5 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought, and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and how, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

(Author Emma Frances Shuttleworth Bevan)

106 FROM the glory and the gladness,
From His secret place;
From rapture of His presence
From His radiant face—
Christ, the Son of God, hath sent me

Through the midnight lands;
Mine the mighty ordination
Of the pierced hands.

Mine the message grand and glorious
Strange unsealed surprise—
That the goal is God's Beloved,
Christ in Paradise.
Glory to His name
Glory to His name!
Yes, the goal is God's Beloved,
Glory to His name.

2 Hear me, weary men and women,
Sinners dead in sin;
I am come from heaven to tell you
Of the love within;
Not alone of God's great pathway'
Leading up to heaven;
Not alone how you may enter
Stainless and forgiven.

3 But I tell you I have seen Him,
God's beloved Son,
From His lips have learnt the mystery,
He and His are one.
There, as knit into the body
Every joint and limb,
We, His ransomed, His beloved,
We are one with Him.

(Author James McGranahan)

107 Not far away in heathen darkness dwelling,
Millions of souls for ever may be lost,
Who, who will go, Salvation's story telling—
Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost.

“All power is given unto Me! All power
is given unto Me! Go ye into all the world and
preach the Gospel; and lo, I am with you alway.”

2 See o'er this world, wide open doors inviting,
Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in!
Christians awake! Your forces all uniting
Send forth the Gospel, break the chains of sin.

3 “Why will ye die?” the voice of God is calling;
“Why will ye die?” re-echo in His Name:
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling;
Life and salvation, therefore, go proclaim.

4 God speed the day when those of ev'ry nation,
“Glory to God!” triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout “Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!”

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(Author F. Denison)

108 FORWARD, soldiers, bold and fearless
Hear the call of God,
Prove your courage in the conflict,

Tread where brave men trod.

Lift aloft the cross of Jesus,
Hold it high and strong:
Sound the praise of Him who saves us,
Swell the battle song.

2 Faith our shield, and hope our helmet,
Satan's host we face;
Marshaled in the might of Jesus,
Win we by His grace.

3 Catch the order of our Captain,
Wield the Spirit's sword;
Onward, fearless, press to conquer,
Slaying in His word.

4 Sharers in the glad hosanna
All who will believe;
They who joyful bear His banner,
Crowns of life receive.

(Author Cecil F. Alexander (1852))

109 Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying "Christian, follow Me!"

2 As of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christians, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Author Edward Cooney

110 WHEN as I run the heavenly race,
Living a life termed by men a disgrace,
When there's approval in Jesus Christ's face –
That will be glory, glory for me.

Oh, that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me,
When the scribes fight,
And Christ tells me I'm right
That will be glory, be glory for me.

2 When for His sake men on me heap their scorn,
And I am reckoned despised and forlorn,
Though in my flesh I may feel Satan's thorn--

That will be glory, be glory for me.

3 When others slight me for going His way,
And all is failure the wiseacres say,
When from the world's standpoint nought seems to pay -
That will be glory, be glory for me.

4 When as I strive for the heavenly crown,
My reputation comes steadily down,
When on my life the majority frown -
That will be glory, be glory for me.

5 When as God opens my blind eyes to see,
And from tradition's chain I am set free,
When to get rid of me clerics agree -
That will be glory, be glory for me.

6 When as I go in the name of the Lord,
And find that it brings me the sectarian sword,
When persecution throws light on Christ's word -
That will be glory, be glory for me.

7 When for the Christ way I daily contend,
And the scribes systems men try to defend,
When a few see God and mammon don't blend -
That will be glory, be glory for me.

8 When for His sake I start losing my life,
Having said no to a home and a wife,
That I may spend all my time in the strife -
That will be glory, be glory for me.

9 When I go forth without wallet or purse,
And my friends think that 'tis from bad to worse,
When needs are met from the heavenly source -
That will be glory, be glory for me.

10 When as they watch me to see how 'twill do,
One day I'm half-clad and hungry too,
When even then I can say I don't rue -
That will be glory, be glory for me.

11 When I am told that no woman should preach,
And that to go forth's a serious breach,
When yet I'm used the poor sinners to reach -
That will be glory, be glory for me.

SOLOS

(Author - In Go-Preachers there is no "EC" provided on this hymn. However, in spite of the absence in a book that attributes other hymns to "E.C.," this hymn shows up in only one other location on the Internet - that being TTT, where it is attributed to "Edward Cooney." And judging by the typical Edward Cooney style of negative comparison of all other people than 'he and his' within this hymn, that attribution is quite likely correct.)

111 STRAIT is the path, and often very thorny;
Oft it is dark, and I can scarcely see;
Yet I press on, for Christ has gone before me,
And in His footsteps there's vict'ry for me.

The path is very narrow, but I'll follow, I will,
Follow, I will, follow, I will,
The path is very narrow, but I'll follow, I will,
I will follow in the footsteps of my Lord.

2 Many I've found who would not tread this pathway,

Go-Preacher's Hymn Book

Choosing instead to disobey the word;
Far, far away in paths of sin they've wandered,
Yet while He leads me, I'll follow my Lord.

3 On, on I go, I hear the Master calling,
Jesus is near, I see Him day by day;
Weary or sore He always stays to help me,
Carries my burdens and shows me the way.

(Author No other occurrence of this hymn found on the Internet - author's name not found)

112 CHEER up, my brother, sister, the world may laugh at you,
They did it to your Master, and they crucified Him too.
The grave it could not hold Him, He's reigning now on high.
And soon we'll all be with Him in the sweet by and bye.

Oh! That will be joyful in that land so fair,
I shall be like my Saviour, His glory I shall share,
Oh! That will be joyful, 'twill be a grand surprise,
When God Himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

2 The night it may be stormy and all around look dark,
And Satan, too, will try his best to sink your little barque;
With Jesus in the vessel, dry up your tearful eye,
For soon we'll all be with Him in the sweet by and bye

3 He'll never, never leave us, nor yet forsake us here.
His word shall stand for ever, and we've nothing now to fear.
He's fitting up a mansion above the bright blue sky,
And soon We'll all be with Him in the sweet by and bye.

4 Poor sinner, come to Jesus, for time is flying fast,
Your days on earth will soon be o'er, and you will breathe your last.
Come with us to that country, up there they never die.
And praise the Lamb for ever in the sweet by and bye.

(Author Alexander Halliday)

113 SAE like the little faded floers
That in summer time did bloom,
But when the autumn winds were blawin,
O hoo fast it tore them doon.
They remind us we are strangers
An' this worl' is no oor hame;
But we seek a better country,
Wi' the Saviour there tae reign.

If Jesus calls me noo I'm ready
For that happy home so fair
Whaur the angels noo are singin',
See the joy awaits us there.

2 It's no oor works nor deeds o' kindness
That in heav'n oor name will roll,
Nor a' the gowd that men may offer-
It ne'er could clear a guilty soul-
But the bluid has paid the ransom
That the Saviour shed for me,
An' noo in heaven my name is written-
It was His grace that made me free.

3 When mercy's door is standin' open,

O come sinner enter in
While Jesus waits tae mak' ye welcome,
An' tae tak awa' your sin
For the nicht is comin' on us,
Fast its shades aroun' us fa', us fa':
When death will lay its haun upon ye,
Ye'll need tae rise an gang awa'.

4 When we reach the gowden city,
An' its jewel'd ports we see,
Where our loved ones noo are waitin',
There tae welcome you an' me
Then we'll join the heavenly chorus,
Free frae sorrow, care an' pain,
When we hear the Saviour sayin',
"Come ye blessed, welcome hame."

(Author **John M. Whyte**)

114 WAS it for me, for me alone,
The Saviour left His glorious throne
The dazzling splendours of the sky?
Was it for me He came to die?

It was for me...yes, all for me
O love of God,..so great, so free..
O wondrous love!..I'll shout and sing...
He died for me,..my Lord and King!

2 Was it for me sweet angel strains
Came floating o'er Judea's plains,
That starlight night, so long ago?
Was it for me God planned it so?

3 Was it for me the Saviour said,
Pillow thy weary, aching head
Trustingly on Thy Saviour's breast?
Was it for me, can I thus rest?

5 Was it for me He bowed His head
Upon the Cross, and freely shed
His precious blood—that crimson tide?
Was it for me the Saviour died?

Author **Edward Cooney**

115 WHEN midst the shades of sin's dark night,
I longed for one to put me right,
Jesus appeared to be my light.

2 When in that light I saw my sin,
And ceased to trust in ought within,
Jesus to save me did begin.

3 First He wiped out the guilty past,
My trespasses behind Him cast,
Pardon for all had I at last.

4 He came to dwell within my heart,
'Gainst fearful odds to take my part,
Jesus the sinners friend Thou art.

5 Then as perplexed from day to day,
'Midst many creeds and what men say,
I found in Jesus God's true way.

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6 I follow now this narrow road,
'Tis reckoned a peculiar mode,
Yet 'tis the way that pleaseth God.

7 Since the first hour I saw 'twas meet,
To watch for the prints of His blest feet,
The worldling ceased me to greet.

8 Yet I have fellowship divine,
Jesus I know I call Him mine,
His cross I see as the true sign.

9 I follow on prepared to bear,
His sufferings and His glory share,
Reign with Him I shall here, and there.

10 Here o'er men's hearts I have control,
As He holds empire in my soul,
And His slave press toward the goal.

11 There on the bright millennial morn'
When faithful ones who bore the scorn,
His glorious Kingdom shall adorn.

12 This joy before me makes the cross
A glory, and all earthly loss
Seem to me but as worthless dross.

(Author Lewis E. Jones)

116 IN tender compassion and wonderful love
The Father looks down from on high;
He knoweth the raven hath need of its food,
And heareth in mercy its cry.

The raven He feedeth, then, why should I fear,
To the heart of the Father His children are dear,
So if the day darkens or storms gather o'er,
I'll simply look upward and trust Him the more.

2 His arm is abundantly able to save,
His eye is a guide to my feet;
Since love sought and found, I constantly dwell
With Him in companionship sweet.

3 No need have I ever to trouble my heart,
Or fear what the morrow may bring;
The heart of the Father is planning my way,
And I am the child of a King.

(Author Frederick W. Faber)

117 I WAS wand'ring sad and weary,
When the Saviour came unto me;
For the paths of sin were dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along the way—

Wandering souls, oh, do come near Me,
My sheep should never fear me,
I am the Shepherd true.
I am the Shepherd true.

2 At the first I would not hearken,
Put it off until the morrow,
Till the day began to darken
And my heart grew sick with sorrow;
Then I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along the way—

3 Then at last I stopped to listen,
For His voice could ne'er deceive me,
And I saw His kind eye glisten,
Looking, longing to receive me;
Then I knew I heard Him say,
As He came along the way—

(Author **George W. Collins**)

118 I HEAR my Saviour calling.

I hear my Saviour calling.
I hear my Saviour calling.
Take thy cross and follow, follow Me.

2 Though He leads me through the garden,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

3 Though He leads me through the valley,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

4 Though He leads me to the conflict,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

(Author **S. K. Wheatlake**)

119 I CAME to Jesus long ago, all laden down with sin,
I sought Him long for pard'ning grace, He would not take me in;
At last I found the reason why, as light came more and more,
I had a shelf with idols on, just in behind the door.

That shelf behind the door, don't use it anymore
But quickly clean that corner out from ceiling to the floor;
For Jesus wants His temple clean, He cannot bless you more,
Unless you take those idols out from behind the door.

2 I tore it down and threw it out, and then the blessing came,
But ere I got the victory and felt the Holy name,
Beelzebub came rushing up and said with awful roar—
"You cannot live without a shelf right here behind the door."

3 So many people of to-day are destitute of power,
'Tis plain to see they cannot stand temptation's trying hour;
By way of an apology, my weakness is their cry,
'Tis all because of idols that they're using on the sly.

4 Some smoke and chew tobacco, and some love their fancy dress,
Others have wronged their fellow-men, refusing to confess;
They wonder why they are not blest as in the days of yore;
The reason why is on the shelf just in behind the door.

5 That little shelf behind the door will cause you much distress,
Especially about the time you think of getting blest;
While pleading for the victory before the Lord in prayer,
How many times you think about the idols hidden there.

6 Your soul is dark, you surely know you have no peace with God,
You daily tremble lest you feel the chastening of His rod:
The blessed Holy Spirit puts this question o'er and o'er,
What are you going to do about this shelf behind the door?

7 You need not go to foreign lands to find a household god.
To look upon idolatry you need not go a rod.

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But in this land where gospel light is shining all around,
If you should look behind the door an idol could be found.

8 Some hypocrites may look like saints, from men their idols hide,
But what about the judgment day beyond death's fearful tide;
That hidden spot behind the door will be a public place
Where God and men, and angels, too, shall every idol trace.

(Author - tune by Kathleen Mavourncen - no author's name located)

120 ONE cold winter's eve when the snow was fast falling,
In a small humble cottage a dear mother lay,
And although raked with pain, yet she lay there contented,
With Christ as her Friend, and her peace with God made.

We shall all meet again on that great judgment morning,
The books will be opened, the roll will be called,
How sad it will be if for ever we're parted,
And shut out of Heaven for not loving God.

2 That mother of yours has gone over death's river;
You promised you'd meet her as you knelt by her bed,
As the death sweat rolled from her and fell on her pillow,
Her memory still speaketh although she is dead.

3 You remember that kiss and the last words she uttered;
The arms that embraced you are mouldered away
As you stood by her grave and dropped tears on her coffin,
With a vow that you'd meet her you hastened away.

4 My brother, my sister, get ready to meet her.
The life that you now live is ebbing away;
But the life that's to come lasts for ever and ever,
May we meet ne'er to part on that great judgment day.

(Author Anonymous (1888))

121 O LAMB of God! Thou wonderful sin-bearer,
Hard after Thee my soul doth follow on;
So pants my soul for Thee, O Thou life giving One.
At Thy feet I fall, yield Thee up my all,
To suffer, live, or die for my Lord crucified.

2 I mourn, I mourn, the sin that drove Thee from me,
And blackest darkness brought into my soul;
Now, I renounce the cursed sin that hindered,
And come once more to Thee, to be made fully whole.

3 Descend the heavens, Thou whom my soul adoreth!
Exchange Thy soul for my poor longing heart.
For Thee! For Thee! I watch, as for the morning;
No rest or peace is mine from my Saviour apart.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, Thy mighty aid bestowing,
Destroy the works of sin, the self, the pride;

Burn, burn in me, my idols overthrowing,
Prepare my heart for Him—for my Lord crucified.

(Author **Bertram H. Shadduck**)

122 I DREAMT that the great judgment morning
Had dawned and the trumpet had blown;
I dreamt that the nations had gathered
In judgment before the white throne.
From the throne went a bright shining angel,
And swore with his hand raised to heaven
That time was no longer to be.

Then oh, what a weeping and wailing,
When the last ones heard of their fate.
They cried on the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayer was too late.

2 The rich man was there, but his money
Had melted and vanished away;
A pauper he stood at the judgment,
His debts were too heavy to pay.
The great man stood there, but his greatness
When death came was left far behind,
The angel that carried the records
No trace of his greatness could find.

3 The widow was there, and the orphan;
God heard and remembered their cries;
No sorrow in heaven for ever,
God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
The gambler was there and the drunkard,
And the man that had sold him the drink,
With all who refused God's salvation,
Together in hell they did sink.

4 The moral man came to the judgment,
But his self-righteous rags would not do;
The men that had crucified Jesus,
They passed off as moral men too.
The souls that had put off salvation,
Not to-night, I'll get saved by and by!
No time now to think of religion,
At last they found time to die.

(Author **W. Spencer Walton**)

123 IN tenderness He sought me,
Weary and sick with sin,
And on His shoulders brought me
Back to His fold again.
While angels in His presence sang,
Until the courts of heaven rang.

Oh, the love that sought me!
Oh, the blood that bought me!
Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold.
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

2 He washed the bleeding sin-wounds,
And poured in oil and wine;

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He whispered to assure me,

“I’ve found thee, thou art mine,”
I never heard s sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice.

3 He pointed to the nail prints,
For His blood was shed,
A mocking crown do thorny
Was placed upon His head;
I wondered what He saw in me,
To suffer such deep agony.

4 So while the hours are passing,
All now is perfect rest;
I’m waiting for the morning,
The brightest and the best.

(Author Composer: Ballington Booth (1892), no auther name located)

124 The cross that He gave may be heavy,
But it never outweighs His grace;
The storm that I feared may surround me,
But it never excludes His face.

I am satisfied to know
That with Jesus here below,
I can conquer ev’ry foe.

2 Thorns in my path are not sharper
Than composed His crown for me,
The cup that I drink not more bitter
Than He drank in Gethsemane.

3 The light of His love shineth brighter,
As it falls on paths of woe,
The toil of my work growth lighter,
As I stoop to raise the low.

4 His will I have joy in fulfilling,
As I’m walking in His sight,
My all to the blood I amj bringing,
He alone can keep me right.

(Author **John M. Whyte**)

125 Come, sinner, behold what Jesus hath done,
Behold how He suffered for thee:
They crucified Him, God’s innocent Son,
Forsaken, He died on the tree!

They crucified Him, they crucified Him,
They nailed Him to the tree,
And so there He died,
To save a poor sinner like me.

2 From heaven He came, He loved you—He died;
Such love as His never was known;
Behold, on the cross your King crucified,
To make you an heir to His throne!

3 No pitying eye, a saving arm, none,
He saw us and pitied us then;
Alone, in the fight, the vict’ry He won;
O praise Him, ye children of men.

4 They crucified Him, and yet He forgave,
“My Ffather, forgive them,” He cried;

What must He have borne, the sinner to save,
When under the burden He died!

5 So what will you do with Jesus your King?
Say, how will you meet Him at last?
What plea in the day of wrath will you bring,
When offers of mercy are past?

(Author **Charles H. Gabriel**)

126 It may not be on mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me:
But if by a still, small voice He calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
I'll go where you want me to go.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea:
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be.

2 Perhaps to-day there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak—
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide,
Tho' dark and rugged the way,
My voice shall echo the message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say.

3 There's surely somewhere a lowly place,
In earth's harvest fields so wide—
Where I may labour thro' life's short day
For Jesus the crucified—
So trusting my all to Thy tender care,
And knowing Thou lovest me,
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere,
I'll be what you want me to be.

(Author **James Bruce Mackay**)

127 IS there any one can help us, one who understands our hearts,
When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed;
One who sympathises with us, who in wondrous love imparts
Just the very, very blessing that we need?

Yes, there's One,..only One...
The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One:
When afflictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll,
And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

2 Is there any one can help us, who can give a sinner peace,
When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe;
Who can speak the word of pardon that affords a sweet release,
And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?

3 Is there any one can help us, when the end is drawing near,
Who will go through death's dark waters by our side;

Who will light the way before us, and dispel all doubt and fear,
And will bear our spirits safely o'er the tide?

(Author Nathaniel Norton)

128 OH, what will you do with Jesus?

The call comes low and sweet;
And tenderly He bids you
Your burdens lay at His feet;
O soul, so sad and weary,
That sweet voice speaks to thee:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

What shall the answer be?
What shall the answer be?
What will you do with Jesus?
Oh what shall the answer be?

2 Oh, what will you do with Jesus?

The call comes low and clear;
The solemn words are sounding
In every listening ear;
Immortal life's in the question,
And joy through eternity:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

3 Oh, think of the King of glory—

From heaven to earth come down;
His life so pure and holy;
His death, His cross, His cown;
Of His divine compassion,
His sacrifice for thee:
Then what will you do with Jesus?
Oh, what shall the answer be?

(Author - The chorus in this hymn is a word for word copy of the chorus in the traditional Scottish song, "*Will Ye No Come Back Again?*" And that song is not a hymn, but is rather about *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. http://www.rampantscotland.com/songs/blsongs_back.htm [10] With multiple searches using most of the lines in this hymn, no such hymn was located on the Internet.)

129 WAND'RERS frae the Father's hame,

Strangers to the Saviour's grace;
Toss'd on sin's unfriendly main,
O turn and seek His kindly face.

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

2 Many a heart is sair this nicht,
Many a heid held down by sin;
Ane alane can mak' ye richt,
Will ye noo but come to Him?

3 Though ye ha'e wandered far awa',
Surely ye'll come back again?
O'er weary hills an' winter's snaw,
Jesus toiled to get yo hame.

4 Siller couldna pay the price,
Jesus have His life for thee;
Siller canna buy the heart,

His beats aye for thine and thee.

5 When your back is at the wa',
When you're sick wi' sin and shame,
Jesus lo'es ye through it a',
Your Father's hoose is still your ain.

6 There is pardon for ye here,
There is grace for ane aa' a';
Many a sin ha'e we to rue,
But He bears them clean awa'.

7 Jesus mak's the black heart pure
He can gi'e ye strength to stan';
Day by day aa' oor by oor.
He will hand ye by the han'.

8 Satan's wiles will tint their spell,
Satan's bribes be a' in vain;
Christ's love is mair than longue can tell,
He'll keep ye fast and aye His ain.

9 Then trust in Christ wi' a' your heart,
And try to bring your brithers in;
There's room for ye an' a' the lase,
Gin ye'll gather closer in.

Author **Edward Cooney**

130 OFT riseth to men's hearts the query, say, "What is truth?"

As oft perplexed by many a theory and creed uncouth.
They muse and meditate to find soul rest,
Seeking for some sure rock, standing the eternal test.

2 Where is safe footing to be found where men may walk;
Is there some sure and solid ground, not men's mere talk,
Is there a proved and tested path infallible;
Is there a leader in the eternal sense reliable?

3 One, only One, there is who rightly lived the truth;
If so, let's follow Him, but men forsooth;
Say times have changed, and none are now expected
To be by choice despised, cast out rejected.

4 Times change God changeth never,
And He who said, "I am the truth,"
Still liveth o'er again, His life unchanging,
Though human wisdom saith 'tis life deranging.

5 The truth is still the poor and lowly Jesus
Living through men a life that fails to please us;
If popular concept does carry away,
And we forget He saith, "I am the way."

6 From those who give their bodies for His home,
The truth shines forth, for He to them has come
To show the world through them that He will never
Change to suit times, but is to-day for ever.

7 We eat His flesh and drink His blood,
As we receive His life, and through our lives men see
That He within us dwells so manifest,
That devil world and flesh wage fiercest contest.

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